Fall To Greed

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Fall To Greed

by ElizaD

Summary

Hannibal and Will play dress-up for Hannibal's birthday. Will looks beautiful in his dress and heels with white lace underneath, Hannibal little wife.

Part of a series but can be read as a standalone.

Notes

A new kink for me, but fanart of Will in a dress got in my head. I hope you enjoy birthday games and Will insecurities being kissed away.

See the end of the work for more notes

It was Hannibal's first birthday since he and Will had started their new life together. He had not often celebrated his birthday in the past, not seeing why that day had more significance than any other but Will had convinced him to have a private celebration. Excited to buy Hannibal a gift.

Swept away in Will's excitement about celebrating the occasion together Hannibal had decided to splurge on some gifts for himself. They arrived while Will was out collecting his gift, wherever it was. He told Hannibal that it had been ordered online but was not in the house, instead stored elsewhere so Hannibal could not find it. Hannibal had gotten carried away and ordered himself quite a lot, grateful he had Will's exact measurement. The driver helped Hannibal to carry the fifteen boxes into the bedroom and received his large tip with a smile. The boxes were a dark rose pink with black satin bows keeping them shut. Hannibal opened each one-by one before securing them shut again except for the smallest one containing a collection of coloured powders and liquids along with a bottle of fine perfume. He sprayed the perfume in the air, enjoying the scent of cherry blossoms, ripe fruits and fresh rain, obviously feminine even though something about it felt like Will.

He was drawn out of his musing when he heard Will coming home. He met him in the hallway. "Good afternoon, darling," he greeted pleasantly. "I see you have collected the ever so important gift," he said, looking at the large box under Will's arm, wrapped in gold paper.

"Yep," Will answered cheerfully. "I had it sent to the bar where you wouldn't get into it," he said, quickly kissing Hannibal's lips. When he drew away he felt himself be yanked back into Hannibal's arms for a deep sensual kiss, that made his knees tremble and left him temporarily speechless.

"You have come home at the perfect time, my other gifts have arrived," he said with a filthy smirk.

"Other gifts?" Will asked.

"Yes, I decided to purchase a few items for myself, or more accurately us," Hannibal answered.

"Us?" Will repeated. "Sounds fun."

"Yes," Hannibal agreed, clutching Will's hips tightly. "I look forward to unwrapping you," he whispered in his ear. When Will leaned forward in anticipation of more Hannibal drew back with a teasing smile. "It is only polite of me to open your gift first," he said, gesturing to the box beneath Will's arm.

Will returned his smile and handed the box to Hannibal who opened it in the living room with Will sitting on the floor before him. "These are beautiful Will," he said, examining the elegant set of knives Will had gifted him. Hannibal had many knives but these were different, more ornamental, though he believed they were functional. The blades were not the standard silver of metal but printed with art, each showing a painted image of nature. Lakes, forest and the largest featuring a stunning fire, small flecks of gold reflecting the light.

“I don’t know if they’ll cut well enough for you but I thought they were beautiful,” Will said shyly. “Do you like them?”

Hannibal tested the edge with his thumb, not quite breaking the skin but feeling how sharp it was. “Yes, my love, these are stunning and I imagine they will work very well,” he swung the knife through the air, feeling its weight. “In the kitchen,” he added with an intimate smile. The knives would be ineffective for killing but excellent for cooking. “Would you like to see what I purchased for you?” Hannibal asked.

“It’s your birthday,” Will reminded him.

“Then the answer is yes,” Hannibal said, moving to his feet and pulling Will up with him. “I hope you enjoy it as much as I will.”

“Kinda worried I’m gonna find a pole in there,” Will joked as Hannibal led him to the bedroom.

“I think that would be better in a spare room, without furniture in the way,” Hannibal said with a smile.

“We don’t need a stripper pole,” Will said firmly.

“Does anyone really need a pole?” Hannibal asked.

“A stripper?” Will quipped.

“Very cute,” Hannibal said softly. He stopped Will outside the bedroom. “You are aware that I have no interest in sexual situations in which only one party is enjoying themselves.”

“Yeah,” Will said, curiosity peaked.

“If you are turned off or uncomfortable you are not obligated to continue,” Hannibal told him. “Tell me you understand.”

“I understand,” Will said.

“That’s my boy,” Hannibal said, with fondness a slight twinkle in his eyes. The boxes were stacked neatly in the bedroom but Hannibal did not stop at them and instead pulled Will into the shower.

They stripped off and stepped under the steamy water together. “No problems so far,” Will said with a grin, lapping droplets of water from Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal smirked and pulled him into a deep kiss. Hannibal turned Will around and massaged shampoo into Will’s glossy curls. Will's nose crinkled then the scent hit his nose. “That’s different,” he commented.

“Yes dear, pink roses, it suits you,” Hannibal said pleasantly, working the lather through Will’s hair and twirling single curls around his fingers. When the lather was rinsed out he smoothed a conditioner of the same scent in his hair. Hannibal took his time working the cream through his curls and left it to work, reaching for a body wash. “Another new

product," he told Will. "Vanilla and lavender," he began washing Will's body while humming softly.

"Very feminine," Will mused. Hannibal did not disagree, just pressed a kiss to Will's shoulder and continued washing him clean. Once Will's body was infused with the scent of relaxing oils Hannibal worked his hair clean, deeply inhaling the lingering scent of blooms. He guided Will to sit himself on the low seat in the shower, kneeling at his feet. Hannibal's smile was excited and he spread a thick lather over Will's less before reaching for a razor. "Hannibal?" He paused, looking up at Will.

"Too much?" He asked, almost daring Will to continue this game. Will couldn't help but smile, gesturing at Hannibal to continue. Hannibal bowed his head in gratitude, carefully shaving away the hair on his legs. He neatened up the curls around his crotch but did not shave it bare. The hair of Will's armpit was also shaved clean.

Hannibal then cleaned Will's body again with a creamy soap that smelt of sweet candy and sugar. "You just can't stand it when I don't smell of some kind of food, can you?" Will asked with a grin.

"You always smell of food," Hannibal told him, with a kiss to his wet curls. Will relaxed on the seat, enjoying the water as Hannibal washed himself. Will noticed he had new products himself. They were the opposite of what he had used on Will. Earthy notes, mixed with spice and musk. Undeniably masculine, like everything about Hannibal. "Enjoying the show?" Hannibal asked, glancing over his shoulder.

"Very much," Will said with a wink. Hannibal finished cleaning himself. He drew Will from the shower and towelled him off gently and smiled, looking over his body. Will followed his gaze. "Why am I glittery?" He asked. All over his body there were small flecks of silver, catching the light.

"The effect of the sweet scented wash, very pretty," Hannibal praised. He dried off Will's hair, carefully, toying with the curl until they were even softer and curlier than usual. "I do prefer your hair like this," Hannibal told him. Will's hair had grown longer in the past few months, reaching a couple of inches past her shoulders.

"I asked you to cut it," Will mumbled.

"And I had every reason to refuse," Hannibal answered with a smile. They donned their robes and moved into the bedroom. "Sit please," he gestured for Will to take a seat in front of the vanity, pulling over an ottoman to sit next to him.

"What's all this?" Will asked, gesturing to the new make-up littering the surface.

"I thought it might be fun to play dress-up," Hannibal said.

"I've never worn make-up before," WIll said, a little nervously.

"Not even for Halloween?" Hannibal asked.

“Have you?” Will asked.

“Once or twice,” Hannibal answered.

“I don’t really know how to apply any of this,” Will said.

“Good. I was hoping to paint your face myself,” Hannibal said, warmly.

“Promise not to make me look silly?” Will said with a coy smile.

“I will only be using these products for their intended purpose,” Hannibal said. “To accentuate your natural beauty. But first nails.” He carefully opened up a fresh bottle of polish, a mix of blue and green that changed under the light. His movements were gentle as he painted Will’s nails, never spilling a drop.”Keep your hands still and they should dry by time I am done with your face.

“This is what you got yourself for your birthday?” Will asked. “Make-up to put on me?”

“I got several things for my birthday, most of it for you to wear,” Hannibal said, smiling gently. “Though I think I like your present much better than the one I wanted to give myself.”

“The knives?” Will said, heart fluttering in his chest.

“Yes, they were very thoughtful and showed how well you know me,” Hannibal told him. “That was what I always wanted from you, for you to know me and yourself.”

“What else do you want me to wear?” Will asked curiously, trying to hold his face still as Hannibal worked on contouring his face.

“You remember the night you allowed me to earn your forgiveness?” Hannibal asked. “You asked me about the fantasies I had about you while waiting for you to return to me.”

“I remember,” Will said, skin warming slightly.

“If you are willing, I would like to bring the fantasy of my little wife to life,” Hannibal said softly.

“Pregnant and barefoot?” Will asked.

“There were a pair of heels that I simply could not resist buying you,” Hannibal told him.

“I can’t guarantee I can walk in them,” Will said with a short laugh.

“It is not a long walk to the bed,” Hannibal answered, eyes dark and seductive. “Do you want to be my beautiful Princess Will?” He asked.

Will’s entire body trembled, unable to resist the dark growl in Hannibal’s voice. “Yes,” he breathed before his brain caught up. “Just, don’t call me a sissy or degrade me, I don’t like it.”

“Never darling,” Hannibal reassured him softly. “I would never want to make you feel less than the absolutely beautiful creature you are,” Hannibal said, kissing Will with tenderness. “Now close your eyes,” Hannibal worked quickly, and Will found the whole experience oddly relaxing, probably because it was Hannibal working on him. “Would you like to choose your lipstick?” he asked Will, holding up two tubes. Will selected the rosy pink shade and parted his lips for Hannibal to apply it with a brush and line his lips with pencil. “You look so gorgeous,” Hannibal told him with a proud smile.

Will turned to face himself fully in the mirror. He had expected to look ridiculous or like a drag queen, but it looked like he was just naturally radiant. His skin was dewy and bright, eyes large and lashes impossibly long. The eyes stood out, accentuated with shimmering colours and his cheekbones looked sharper than ever. He smiled, pink lips framing white teeth. “Wow,” he said, bringing a hand to his smooth jaw. “I do look beautiful,” he said.

“You always do my love,” Hannibal informed him. “Hold still, chin up,” Will obeyed and felt a spray of perfume. Definitely perfume, not aftershave, he could smell cherry blossoms and it made him think of springtime and fresh blooms with a hint of fruit. Hannibal took his left wrist and added the perfume there. Will moved to rub his wrists together the way he had seen women do. “No, that impairs the scent.”

“It does?” Will asked.

“Yes, little known fact,” he gently cradled Will’s right wrist and added a small spritz. “A small spray on each wrist is correct,” he instructed Will.

“You’d make a better woman than me,” Will told him.

“I look truly ridiculous in ladies clothing I promise you,” Hannibal said, moving to stand behind Will and began working on his hair.

“How do you know?” Will asked. “Because trying on your Mother’s dresses doesn't count,” he said.

“I attended higher education, Will, and was on a couple of varsity teams,” Hannibal said. “I experienced hazing when it was still fun and no-one was in danger of alcohol poisoning,” he told him.

“What happened?” Will asked, tilting his head back as Hannibal smoothed product through his hair, teasing his curls.

“We each had to go out in one of the girls kits, I got the cheerleader outfit,” Hannibal told him with a smile.

“Are there photos?” Will asked hopefully.

“Possibly,” Hannibal answered with a mysterious smile.

“That’s a yes?” Will said.

“It’s a possibly,” Hannibal replied.

“Did you shave your legs?” Will asked with a giggle.

“Yes I did,” He said. “I looked a fool but my legs were better than half the girls,” he said, fixing a few jewelled flower clips into his hair.

“I bet you looked gorgeous,” Will said, tilting his head back for a kiss.

“Not as beautiful as you,” he said sweetly. Will admired his hair as Hannibal retrieved a box, added an extra item and picked up a pair of stylish white heels with a, thankfully, low thick heel. “This should fit you well,” he gestured towards the bathroom.

Will opened the box, on top was a pure white teddy, the flat lace cups held together by a thick satin bow before the parting to expose his toned stomach and the smile Hannibal had left him. He slid it on, the lace was not as scratchy as he expected and he smiled at that, running his fingers over the fabric. The white lace panties that accompanied it were made for a man, and he wasn’t forced to allow his erection to peek out the side. He admired himself in the mirror for a moment, sliding on his heels and smiling. They were not as uncomfortable as he expected, though he saw the point of stockings now, wearing them all day didn’t seem fun. He returned to the box, unwrapping the tissue paper to reveal a sweet dress.

He held it up, admiring it. It was quite beautiful, tea length and a retro design with short puffed sleeves. The fabric was baby pink with delicate flower patterns scattered over it. It easily slid over his body, the short sleeves hiding the straps of his lingerie. Will’s breath was taken away when he saw himself fully made up and wearing a dress. He was beautiful like this. The dress, fitting over his chest then tightening before flaring out at the waist. He swayed his hips lightly, enjoying the way the skirt moved softly around his legs, looking longer in the short heels.

With a demure smile he returned to Hannibal in the bedroom. “You are stunning,” Hannibal breathed softly. “Truly a beauty,” he praised, settling his hands on Will’s mouth. “My little wife,” he kissed Will lightly on his painted lips. “Such a pretty thing.”

Will moved closer, sliding his slim arms around Hannibal’s neck and moving in closer for a deeper kiss, feeling treasured in his firm grip. Drawing back he gently urged Hannibal into a chair and gracefully settled on his knees, letting his skirt settle neatly around him. Hannibal moved a hand along Will’s cheek bones, smiling down on him with fondness as Will undid his belt buckle, he raised his hips allowing Will to push down his trousers.

Will ran his hands along Hannibal’s thick thighs, shuffling forward. He pressed a gentle kiss to the slit before circling the head with his tongue. His rosy lips sucked in the head of Hannibal’s penis, suckling lightly. Meeting Hannibal’s heated gaze, he sunk his head down to take more. When the wet tip touched the back of Will’s throat he wrapped his hand around the inches he could not swallow and hollowed out his cheeks with a deep moan, the vibrations running over Hannibal’s length and travelling up his spine. “You are so lovely, my sweet princess,” he cooed. “So very beautiful, my darling,” Will moaned at the gentle, loving praise.

Will began sucking in earnest, his painted lips sealed around Hannibal’s length, bobbing his head up and down, smearing saliva along the shaft. The spit there worked as lubricant for his

hand and he began working the velvet skin in time with his mouth. “Such a talented, sweet mouth, my pretty girl,” Hannibal gasped, breathlessly, the taste of precum leaking onto Will’s tongue. Hannibal’s hand slid into Will’s hair, clutching it as his breath became erratic. “Oh my darling, my princess, my little wife,” he moaned. “Yes, mylimasis, I am so close,” Hannibal hip bucked upwards as he released inside Will’s eager mouth. Will clutched Hannibal’s sturdy thighs and swallowed every drop, moaning at the familiar salty taste. “Gorgeous,” Hannibal praised, catching his breath.

He moved to his feet and helped Will stand before lifting him off the floor bridal style and depositing him gently on the soft bed. “My pretty, little woman,” he said sweetly, sliding the soft dress away from Will’s shoulders and kissing the soft pale skin. He undid the small buttons along the back of Will’s dress with nimble fingers, sliding it over Will’s hips and letting it settle forgotten on the floor. Will was left in only delicate lace teddy and panties as he kicked off his shoes.

Hannibal spread Will’s legs running his hands over the smooth skin before ridding himself of his remaining clothes. He bent himself over Will’s body taking one nipple into his mouth, wetting the lace covering it as he brought it to hardness before moving over to the other and repeating his treatment. He smiled against Will’s lips when his breathing sped up and trailed his lips down the skin to his belly button, spreading his large hands over Will’s delicate waist. “Such a sweet tiny waist you have, my darling wife, my one and only. Child bearing hips,” Will gasped when Hannibal tongue dipped into his belly button. He had never thought of it as a sensitive place but Hannibal tongue turned him weak.

When his back arched and he let out a swear, Hannibal swatted his thigh lightly. “I won’t have such language, pretty girl,” Hannibal scolded.

“Sorry. I’m sorry my love,” Will said, head pressed into the soft pillows beneath him.

“Such a lovely, spoiled little pillow princess I have,” he said softly, returning to dipping his tongue in and around Will’s navel. “Do you like your pretty clothes I bought for you my dear?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes, yes Hannibal I love them,” he answered, squirming in hopes of Hannibal’s lips moving lower. Hannibal pinned him down, still squeezing his waist.

“Do you want my lips lower, darling wife,” he asked, teasing. “Shall I finger your pretty hole for you?

“Please, yes, please,” he gasped.

“Ask me properly, sweet wife,” Hannibal said, with exaggerated patience.

“Please, finger my hole. Please,” Hannibal looked up with him with a raised eyebrow. “Please, husband,” Will moaned. “Finger my tight hole,” he pleaded wantonly.

Hannibal smiled at him and pressed a light kiss to the skin under his belly button before reaching for the lube, cracking upon a new bottle. “Cherry flavoured,” he said softly. Hannibal licked over his lace clad member but did not remove the panties. They just looked

too adorable for words. Hannibal moved them to one side, leaving Will's needy hole exposed. He lifted Will's leg to open him wider and coated it with the liquid. "So pretty and pink," he said fondly, bending forward to lap at the hole, pressing the lubricant in deeper with his tongue. "And such a lovely tasting pussy," he praised gently. Will moaned and blushed, squirming in need. "Do you want your devoted husband to finger your pretty pink pussy?" He asked.

"Yes, please Hannibal, my husband, I love you," Will pleaded sweetly.

Hannibal continued licking and sucking Will's swollen member through the delicate soft lace as he slid a long finger into his dampened hole. "So warm and wet," he said with a low moan. He pressed in a second finger, pumping Will at a steady pace and brushing his prostate with every thrust. Will moaned, pleading for more. Hannibal added a third finger, stretching his hole and hitting his prostate at a greater speed. Will was gasping and moaning moved closer to orgasm. Hannibal could feel him moving closer to his peak and moved his free hand down to pump his own member, there was nothing he enjoyed as much as climaxing at the same time as Will. It was an experience he never shared with female partners and it was the most intense form of connection he had ever felt.

Hannibal added his tongue to his fingers, stimulating Will's prostate with his fingers while his tongue moved other the sensitive skin of his opening. Will keened, voice high but knowing that the orgasms Hannibal could draw out from lavishing attention on only his asshole were the most powerful. He could feel Hannibal's moans and his heavy breathing as his hips moved, fucking into his own fist. "Cum, my little wife," he said, voice raw and wrecked, an edge away from begging.

Will felt the orgasm hit and his vision exploded with bright gold light and he cried out in pleasure, tears leaking from his eyes. His panties were soaked and Hannibal release was splattered over his legs. "I love you, Hannibal," he moaned breathlessly.

I love you, my Will," he answered, bending to kiss his lips sweetly. Hannibal disappeared into the bathroom, returning with a warm wet towel and cleaning his legs. He peeled away Will's ruined panties, licking at the white stain before tossing them into the dirty laundry basket. Hannibal gently kissed away the mess still on his skin before undoing the satin bow and stripping him naked. "There's my boy," he whispered, kissing him deeply and turning off the light before crawling into bed next to Will, holding him tightly.

"Hannibal, can I ask you something?" He said.

"Anything my most treasured one," Hannibal said.

"Have you been with men before?" Will asked.

"Yes, a few. I may have never loved anyone as I do you, however I had not been celibate," he answered. "I have been with both men and women over the years."

"In a relationship," Will clarified.

“Yes, some were relationships, others one-night stands. Why do you ask?” He asked in curiosity.

“Do you want a woman?” Will blurted. “Is that what this is?” He asked. “Is everything in these boxes just ways to dress me up as what you really want?” He let out his insecurities, still in Hannibal’s arms.

“No, no my dearheart,” Hannibal said, stroking Will’s back with soothing hand movements. “There are some outfits of a feminine nature but also a police uniform and assless chaps that would look awful on someone without your wonderful cock,” he purred. “I want you exactly as you are.”

“But in a dress with make-up,” Will said, gesturing to his face. Hannibal began gently removing the jewelled clips from Will’s hair.

“In a dress with make-up, wet in the shower, in your worn stained jeans as you tinker with a motor, stinking of oil. I want you naked in the sweet grass and in your fine designer suits, secreted away in a private box and the theatre” Hannibal said, reaching for a make-up remover wipe and cleaning Will’s face, gentle and thorough. “I love you as you are and as you could be in another universe,” he said softly. “I simply wish to explore every facet of your enticing beauty. Believe me,” he coaxed. “You are all I could ever want. I am driven wild by my desire for more of you.”

Will shifted closer and kissed him slow and sensual, tasting every inch of his hot mouth. “Go to sleep Hannibal,” he whispered.

“Do you believe me, love?” Hannibal pressed, unwilling to let Will linger in pain. “I would never ask you to do anything you do not enjoy,” he promised.

“I enjoyed it,” Will told him immediately. “A lot,” he added with an adorable blush. “And I do believe you. Go to sleep, because tomorrow I want to go through the rest of those boxes,” he said with a filthy smirk, dropping a kiss to Hannibal’s nose.

Hannibal nodded and wrapped a firm arm around Will’s slender waist. “Thank you Will, for indulging my greed.”

End Notes

I so wish I could do fanart and draw the pretty scenes in my head, best I can do is right them down for us all to enjoy.

Podfics? Anyone have an opinion or advice?

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

xxx

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